

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE

768 LAFAYETTE AVE.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., MAR. 11, '89.

No mistress of the White House was ever kinder to reporters of her own sex than Mrs. Cleveland has been. She has often given them valuable points, and by her willingness to enter into details has helped many a bright writer to a better position. The profession feel very much like wearing deep mourning at this crisis.

How do you think Mrs. Harrison will treat you? I asked one of the scribbling sisterhood. "She will be kind I am sure," was the somewhat lugubrious reply, "but she can never be Frankie." Mrs. Harrison is too old to be enthused by a new costume, and she will naturally feel that her time can be more profitably spent than by helping a reporter along with a description of a dress. Mrs. Cleveland did not sacrifice one iota of her dignity by that charming free masonry expressed by a glance, or a gesture, or a peculiar purse of the lips which we came to transmute as "wait a minute." "Don't be discouraged," and if we girls feel that she would prefer to talk informally with us than to entertain the high and mighty ones of the earth, that feeling didn't hurt her and did us a heap of good.

Much indignation is felt among Mrs. Harrison's friends at the picture of that lady's bustle in a recent issue of the New York *Star*. One of the papers calls it "Low Cut Journalism," and a meeting has been called by prominent society women of New York to protest against such gossip concerning people in high places. It may show a depraved taste on the part of American women to want to know whether or not the wife of the President of the United States is to wear a bustle, but the fact remains that they do crave such knowledge. This being the case, they naturally desire information as to size and shape. Viewed in this light the cut in question resolves itself simply into a desire on the part of the management of the newspaper to furnish the kind of news their fashionable feminine readers would be particularly interested in. But after all is said and done, it leaves a bad taste in the mouth, and Mrs. Harrison may be pardoned for crying out in troubled tones, "Deary me, Benjamin, what next?"

Mr. Wedworth Wadsworth, our most distinguished artist in water colors, proves to be a poet with the "as well as the brush." He has just issued a couple of Easter booklets—"The Carol of the Birds," and "The Song of the Bells." The poetry is not only sweet and inspiring, showing a most thorough and delicate appreciation of nature in all her moods, but is also of a high literary order. These dainty volumes are most beautifully illustrated by Harriet Webster Fowles. Our Easter literature has certainly received a rare and valuable addition. The publishers are Obreicher Brothers, Munich and New York.

Mrs. Runtz Rees, the founder and secretary of the now famous "Kindly Club," is having considerable success and making many converts to the creed of the Club, which is, that the members shall never indulge in scandal or harmful gossip. Mrs. Runtz Rees gives afternoon lectures, or more properly speaking, informal talks at the houses of the members of the Club. On these occasions opportunity is offered for all who wish to express their thoughts. Questions are asked and answered, and the sin of backbiting and censorious criticism is shown in all its enormity. Mrs. Runtz Rees has also been asked to read another paper at the monthly meeting of Sotos. Applications are constantly made to the Club from persons thrown out of employment, and in many instances work has been provided.

Miss Murietta Holly—Josiah Allen's wife—has put her "shoulder blades to the wheel" in a very practical fashion. She is fitting up a new house at Adams, N. Y., and intends to entertain the coming summer a number of sewing girls. There are to be four or five sets in succession. This is a noble work and it is to be hoped that her example will be followed by other women who have houses and money at command.

Two steamers of the Clyde line now leave each week for Charleston, Jacksonville and all southern point. The passenger accommodations are not excelled by any other coasting steamers. The cuisine is equal to that of the best hotels. On account of the mildness of the winter that is past, fewer people than usual have sought warmer climates, but the prophecy of the clerk of the weather in reference to the expected rigors of March and April, has had a marked effect upon spring travel. The new steamship of this line, the Iroquois, is without doubt the finest vessel ever built for the coastwise trade.

The Boston "Advertiser" says that "the Boston business girl is not afraid of a man and doesn't her head about catching one, and regards men as they do each other, in perfect equality and with perfect confidence."

So does every sensible girl everywhere, Mr. "Advertiser." This specimen of common sense does not belong exclusively to Boston, though Boston has every reason to be proud of the fact that her girls were among the first to dignify and enoble woman's work. The fact that the Boston girls were proud to be stenographers, typewriters, designers, modistes, dressmakers, clerks and what not, made it easier for other girls to cross the threshold of home and step out into the wide, wide world. Now, thank heaven, it is not only not a disgrace for a girl to earn an independent livelihood, but it is a disgrace to depend upon others if there is anything in life that she can do.

ELEANOR KIRK.

MEN WHO DILLY DALLY.

"Do I believe in women learning to use tools, to drive a nail, turn a screw, and, perhaps, build a platform as the girls did at the normal school not long since?"

"Yes, I do, and I believe in women's political rights."

My bachelor friend, who clings persistently to old ideas, as the hair on his crown departs, twirled one corner of his beloved mustache and said in a corner tone:

"Well, I don't know what we are coming to. Pray tell, is man a man, or have any chance in the world, for the women are crowding in everywhere, and they will work for swaggers which a healthy man would starve on."

I asked, "Did you not tell me once that the actual experience of the average individual was more interesting than all the novels ever written, and worth a million theories?"

"Well, probably I did, it is my fate to make remarks of that sort to some women who a man would never think of them again."

"But you believe that experience is valuable as a help to others?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Permit me to relate mine in only one particular, and shall prepare myself for annihilation."

"Without embellishments of any sort?"

"Titlye destitute of trimmings; real hard, Grindgrindian facts, and my companion in misery will attest the truth of my statement."

"I will be quite content with your account, and shall prepare myself for annihilation."

My bachelor friend settles himself comfortably in an armchair, gives my companion a look of grave and closed his eyes.

"I am a man of my word. The last word to his lips, and I sent for a glazier at once."

"He will be here to-morrow, matin' at the report. A week passed and no glazier; two weeks. I send again."

"On the 10th day of August, 1888, a mischievous boy threw a stone directly through a pane of glass in my window. The boy was of my maid. The boy ran to his master, and I sent for a glazier at once."

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"When our artisans persist in telling such elephants fibs about small business matters, it is quite time for women to learn how to handle a chisel or a plane."

Then the bachelor, who knew my husband's name, and was continuing his musing, said, "I will go away after being told it was too late. From the 10th day of August to the 24th day of November is too long a 'wait' in my home theatre."

"I wouldn't have done it for a \$5 bill," said the bachelor.

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"Only the old party is so hard and my right wrist is so weak."

"Nonsense; you could never do it in the world. Why, what do you have?"

"See," I said triumphantly as I opened my housekeeper's trunk in the kitchen, where it stands in all its upholstered glory. "see, here stands the all upholstered glory."

"By Jove, you are methodical!" he said, but where is your chisel?"

"Alas, black! a carpenter had borrowed it long before, and it had not been returned."

"You see," said one tall, thin, wiry, energetic, young man, coming in at the time, "you would always expect a man to work without tools. There is no one in the universe who could get out that broken glass and clear out that putt without a good sharp chisel."

"Esther and I were grieved for a time,

after losing our six feet of relative lets, and then in a mood compounded of desperation, necessity and indignation in equal parts, I rolled up my sleeves, put on a large apron, sharpened an old pruning knife and two jackknives, and set to work.

"The old B. said, 'I would break the other five lights getting those pieces out and smash the new one getting it in.'

"Esther said I with a doo-rie-rie, 'I have not lived all over the United States, eaten garlic in France, broken bread in Europe. The exhibit will be one of the most attractive in the exposition. Companions few Europeans know anything about the great staple of the United States. Even their whisky over there is oftentimes made of potato parings. Of course, we are not to be outdone.'

"I know it, and if it gives out utterly and I have to write a type writer for the rest of my natural life, I will write a volume on the modern Annales that will make every blessed American wish he had been born a Washington."

"Did you ever attack putty which had been laid on for fifty-six odd years and painted over it until it could not remember the original coat?"

"I have, but your poor sprained wrist," said Esther.

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Our Churches Be Made More Useful?

In the March number of the North American Review, three ministers—Rev. Minot J. Savage, Edward Everett Hale, and Washington Gladden—give their respective answers to this question. The first two are Unitarians, the last is a Congregationalist.

All agree that the churches can be made more useful.

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